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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Kid has Gone to the Colors

The Kid has gone to the Colors
And we don't know what to say;
The Kid we have loved and cuddled
Stepped out for the Flag today.
We thought him a child, a baby,
With never a care at all,
But his country called him man-size
And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting,
Where, fired by the fife and drum,
He bowed his head to Old Glory
And thought it whispered: "Come!"
The Kid, not being a slacker,
Stood forth with patriot-joy
To add his name to the roster—
And God, we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the Colors;
It seems but a little while
Since he drilled in a schoolboy army
In a truly martial style.
But now he's a man, a soldier,
And we lend him listening ear,
For his heart is a heart all loyal,
Unscourged by the curse of fear.

His dad, when he told him, shuddered,
His mother—God bless her!—cried;
Yet, blest with a mother-nature,
She wept with a mother-pride.
But he whose old shoulders straightened
Was Grandad—for memory ran
To years when he, too, a youngster,
Was changed by the Flag to a man!

—*W. M. Herschell.*

When Lone Creek Bridge was Down

By Emily S. Windsor

Mrs. Hall came out on the verandah with a large bowl of strawberries.

"I'm going to prepare my berries out here," she said.

Irma Lane, reclining in the hammock, looked up lazing from her book. "That is sensible. Shall I help you?"

"No, thank you. I have nothing else to do just now."

Irma stretched herself luxuriously. "How delicious the scent of that syringa is—and oh, the honeysuckle vine behind me!"

"Yes, Irma, I have been thinking, really, you ought to make an effort to get that money. You will be wronging yourself not to do so." And Mrs. Hall looked up earnestly from her berries.

Irma rocked gently to and fro, her gaze fixed on the magnificent view of the hills and river in the distance. "I wouldn't have any chance," she answered presently. Uncle Luke does not approve of college women. Of course I am not one yet, but the fact that I have gone to college for two years would be enough for him. He would not consider me for a moment."

"But you can cook. You could easily prove that your going to college has not prevented you from doing that well."

"That would make no difference." "And doesn't he know that you kept house for your father after your mother's death up to the time that your father died?"

"I don't know what he knows about me, or whether he knows anything. You see, he quarrelled with father when I was a small girl. I don't remember what about. But I am sure that it was not father's fault. He was so sweet tempered and just. I have never seen him, but I have heard a great deal about his peculiarities. He probably knows nothing at all about me."

"But you are his nearest relative, and ought to have his money."

"Well, I am not going to think anything about it." Irma returned to her book, and in a few minutes Mrs. Hall stood up. "My berries are done," she announced.

Irma slid out of the hammock, tossing aside her book. "I am going to make the shortcake," she said.

"Indeed, and you are welcome to," laughed her friend: "come on."

Later in the day the two were again on the verandah, occupied with the mail which had just come by rural delivery. Mrs. Hall gave a sudden exclamation and looked up from her country weekly. "Listen to this: 'The Misses Benton left last week for their future home in California,'" she read.

"Then Uncle Luke did not choose either of them," said Irma quickly.

"Just how are they related to him?"

"They are the nieces of his wife by marriage."

"Oh, and you are the child of his brother. It's a shame if you don't get his money."

Irma laughed. "My dear Mrs. Hall, don't let it trouble you. As I told you, I am not going to think about it."

"Well, I think you are foolish not to try for it," said Mrs. Hall as she resumed the country weekly.

Irma finished the reading of her letters in a perfunctory manner. In spite of her assertion that she was not going to think of Uncle Luke's money, it occupied her thoughts more or less the rest of the day, and as it had done ever since she had heard that her Uncle Luke had declared his intention of having his nieces keep house for him a few months in turn, and that to the one doing it in the best way he would leave the greater part of his money. If none of them suited him, he would leave it to some public institution.

There were four nieces besides herself. The first two, the Armstrong girls, he had sent away in a rage after they had been with him a week. And now the Benton girls had not suceeded, or they would not be going to California to live. She knew that he was not a very rich man, but what he had to leave would keep her in comfort and allow her to help others poorer than herself. There was so much to be done with money. The little property left by her father would barely put her through college and keep her until she found a position to teach somewhere. If it were not for Mrs. Hall's kindness in inviting her for the summers, she would scarcely be able to finish her college course. Yes, she was his nearest relative, and ought to have some of his money at least. But, with his own disapproval of a college education for women, it would be of no use for her to make a claim for it.

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Hall said, "Irma, I need a few little articles in the village. You might drive there for them. I'll have the runabout brought around."

"Oh, can't you go, too?

"No, child; there are things I must attend to. No; you can't help me. Run along and enjoy your drive. You will be helping me much more by going."

An hour later, Irma, having finished Mrs. Hall's errands in the village, was driving slowly away from it. It was a day for lingering. The June air was fresh and fragrant from rains of the past week. She turned her horse's head in the direction of the Lone Creek road. She had heard of its picturesqueness. She would explore it. It proved its right to its renown, following, as it did, the creek in its windings between the mountains. She drew in deep breaths of the pine-scented air. Her horse chose its own gait—a slow walk. How beautiful it all was!

A man coming along the road toward her said, as he was abreast of her, "Your pardon, Miss—how far are you going? The bridge across the creek is down—the heavy rains the last week."

"The bridge down! Oh, shall I have to turn back! I am not going to any place in particular—can't I get on to some other road?"

The man thought a moment. "Yes, just a bit ahead you will come to a lane running through the old Denver place. You will have to get out and take down the bars. Drive through it, and you will come to the road leading to the station."

"Thank you. I am glad not to have to turn back," and Irma drove on.

"I'd better keep my thoughts about where I am going," she muttered. "But this scenery is distracting."

She soon came to the lane, got out, took down the bars without difficulty, put them in place again, climbed into her seat, and drove briskly through the lane. As the man had told her, it led to the road near the railroad station. It commanded a fine view of the mountains and river. She stopping the horse to enjoy it. She was about to drive on, when she heard the shrill whistle of a train in the distance. She was not sure of the horse. She would wait till the train had come in and left again before going on. She had not long to wait. It soon came with rush and rumble, stopping but long enough to allow one passenger to alight, a woman carrying a small valise.

She was standing on the platform talking to the station master as Irma drove across the tracks. The station master turned toward her. "Miss," he asked, "do you know whether the bridge over Lone Creek is down?"

"Yes," answered Irma; I was told that it was just a little while ago."

The station master turned to the passenger. "Then there is no way for you to get to Carthage, but by the train from Tolliver, the next village, three miles from here. But there won't be a train until morning. There is only one a day."

The woman, an elderly one, plainly dressed, thin, and tired-looking, seemed distressed. "Can you tell me of any place around here where I can stop until tomorrow morning? Is there any inn?"

"No," returned the station master; "there is not."

"Oh, what shall I do?"

The station master looked sympathetic. "I'm sorry, ma'am."

Irma looked at the woman. How tired she looked. What could she do with no inn to go to? She could not stay in that box of a station house all night.

"I shall be glad to take you home with me for the night," she said courteously. "I am visiting a friend, but I know that she would like me to ask you."

A look of relief crossed the woman's face. "Thank you. You are very kind. I have been travelling all night and yesterday afternoon, and I am very tired."

"Then get in. Let me have your valise. I'll drive fast so that you may rest as soon as possible."

"I hardly know how to thank you for your kindness," said the woman. "I don't know what I should have done."

"I am glad to be of service to you," returned Irma cordially.

As they drove along, the woman making occasional remarks about the beauty of the scenery. She was evidently a well-bred person. Presently she said, "My name is Mrs. Collins, and I live near Carthage."

"And my name is Irma Lane. I am visiting my friend, Mrs. Hall."

The woman started and gave Irma a quick, searching glance, which the young girl, occupied with the horse, did not see. They had come to a rough bit of road with occasional mud puddles. Irma was driving carefully. The woman again looked at her, taking in the details of Iama's erect figure, her attractive face, and inexpensive, but becoming summer dress.

"I knew some people named Lane who lived in Bellvue," she said after awhile.

"My father and mother lived in Bellvue," said Irma briefly.

"Oh, did they? I never knew them personally." The woman seemed to fall into deep thought, and nothing more was said until they reached the entrance to Mrs. Hall's home. Then the stranger seemed to recall herself, and remarked the beauty of the garden.

Irma helped her out of the carriage, and ushered her into the house while she went in search of Mrs. Hall. She found her in her room, lying down with one of her periodical sick headaches. Irma explained about Mrs. Collins, and as she had anticipated, Mrs. Hall commended her action.

"Only I am sorry that I am laid up for the rest of the day. Do you think that you can manage, child?"

"Indeed, I can. I'll get some sort of refreshment for our guest and then let her lie down. She needs rest. We'll have dinner this evening and I'll show you some of my best cooking," laughed Irma.

"Very well, dear. I think I can sleep now and be all right by evening."

Mrs. Collins declined any food, saying that all she needed then was to lie down and rest. So Irma led her to the spare room.

By six o' clock Mrs. Hall was well enough to leave her room and welcome the stranger, who was sitting on the verandah enjoying the view, and looking much rested. They both enjoyed the delicious dinner which Irma had prepared. Mrs. Collins paid the young girl many compliments on her cooking.

The next morning it was raining, and so heavily that Mrs. Hall begged their guest, to whom she had taken a fancy, to remain till the next day.

"Yes, do," urged Irma. "And Mrs. Hall shall not do a thing. I shall attend to everything about the house, and you and she can have a nice time visiting together."

And Mrs. Collins, after a little hesitancy, agreed to remain. The next day was clear, and Irma drove her over to the station in time for the train. They parted with mutual expressions of pleasure at having met.

In speaking of their guest that evening, Mrs. Hall said: "I liked her very much But isn't it strange how little she told about herself? Almost nothing."

"Why yes," exclaimed Irma. I had not thought of it before. And she did not say where she lived. Only near Carthage. Carthage, Carthage—why, that is where Uncle Luke likes."

"So it is."

A few days later Irma received a letter which surprised her. It was from her Uncle Luke, and read as follow:

"*My Niece Irma Luke:* I have just been hearing about you from an old and valued friend, Mrs. Collins. I take her judgment as sound and good. She says that you are a good cook and can keep house. I had my other nieces here to test them, but I got rid of them very quickly Mrs. Collins says that you are going to college. I don't approve of such nonsense for women, but she says it hasn't hurt you. Well, I'll see. Come and make me a visit. Bring your friend with you. I'll expect you the fist of next week."

YOUR UNCLE LUKE LANE."

"Did you ever? Isn't he the queerest old man?"

"So that is why Mrs. Collins did not tell much about herself. Well, she has done you a good turn, Irma."

"Perhaps he won't want me, after all."

"Nonsense; get ready and go on Monday."

"You will come too?"

"Not now; perhaps later."

"If I am not back on your hands," laughed Irma.

"There is no danger. He will want you." And Mrs. Hall's words proved true—*Kind Words.*

Nat's Education.

Nat was sitting on the low sill of the barn door, listening eagerly to a few gentle, earnest words his father was speaking at intervals as he worked in the stalls. They were about Nat's education.

"Your mother and I talked it over last night," his father said, "You know, son, there ain't much money to do it with. We'd do more if we could. We never had any education ourselves, but we know what it is for young folks nowadays. We decided, your mother and I, that you might have more of your time to yourself for study or to work for yourself, if you can get the chance. Maybe there's considerable work for a strong boy to do at the store down to the Corners. You better ask 'em. You can do what you like, and maybe if you're careful and saving you can get enough together by spring to pay for a term's schooling at the academy. Then by fall I'll see what I can do."

That was all. Corn must be hauled from the fields and wood brought for the winter fires. There was little time to stand idle or to talk.

It is hard to tell what is in a man or a boy until an earnest purpose takes him in hand and makes him show what he can do. It was so with Nat. Never before in the fourteen years of his life had the days seemed so full to overflowing with things to be done; never had there seemed so little time for the doing of them.

He must study hard to be ready for his examinations; that was the most imporant of all. And then every minute of the rapidly shortening days must be economized, for it was the daylight which must be used to bring him his coveted dollars.

Old Mr. Bellaire, who owned the small store at the Corners, had listened with sharp curiosity when Nat spoke of work at the store.

"What's made ye so keen for work?" he asked. "Want an education? Well, now! That's the way to talk? There aint many that would try it by themselves. Well, no, there aint no work here that I know of. Ben an' I do it all, an' have time to rest. Sorry. If there is anything, of course I'll let you know."

Nat thanked him, and was going out when Mr. Bellaire called: "Hold on! Say, Nat, why don't ye pick nuts? There was a fellow here from Detroit yesterday, selling goods, an' he said nuts was scarce down there this fall. Land o' mercy! They are plenty enough here—beech and walnuts, too. You might do well pickin' 'em an' the next time a traveler comes in here, I'll tell him you've some to sell. See?"

Nat was about to answer when the old man broke in again: "An' say! I saw a mink down toward Scanlon's creek yesterday. Muskrats an' rabbits an' squirrels are right plenty, too, an' there's some otter left up toward the timber, if you are smart enough to ketch 'em. Mighty scarce, though."

Nat had heard enough to bring up his hopes and courage. With enthusiasm in his heart, he bent his small back willingly through the hours of daylight in gathering nuts. He knew where they grew largest and best.

Then there were traps to be made and set, and he must pass hours in discovering where the muskrats and otters hid themselves. He grudged every minute, too, that must be spent away from his beloved books.

As the days slipped away and brought Christmas near, it seemed to Nat that there was but little to show for so much hard work. Seven weeks had gone since he had had begun, and the small box which served as a bank held only twelve dollars, besides a few pennies. It was almost hopeless now to think of swelling the sum to forty dollars by March, but forty dollars, at least, he must have to carry him through the term.

There was Sammy, now twelve years old, ruddy, light hearted brother Sammy. He seemed to have hardly a care or an ambition in the world. He thought nothing of educating himself; and yet it seemed that the rarest and best of the skins were found in Sammy's traps. The animals seemed to hunt for his traps, wishing to be caught! He had actually saved fifteen dollars, while Nat, who had a purpose back of it all, had only twelve.

There were no nuts to gather now. They were buried deep under the snow. There were only the skins to depend upon, and he must study hard. That was the secret of it. Sammy gave all his time to the traps, for he had nothing else to do. It was too bad, thought Nat.

A feeling almost of despair had possession of Nat's mind as he made the rounds of his traps one day, with these thoughts uppermost. Why couldn't he get money, when it meant so much? He had passed three of Sammy's traps already that day, which held a further store of skins for that lucky brother. They would add at least another dollar to his savings. Not one of Nat's own traps had been sprung. Why couldn't it have been different.

Why—It was a sudden, half-formed idea which flitted through his mind, but it startled him and brought a swift color to his cheek. It made him feel hot and angry, as though some one had struck him. But there it was again, bobbing up as though it had nothing to be ashamed of. It was more definite this time, too.

"Sammy's skins!" Those were the two words which formed it. Nat set his teeth together and then plunged ahead through the drifted snow, trying to get it out of his mind. It did not seem at all anxious to go, but came up again and again, stronger and larger with every appearance.

"Sammy's skins." "Sammy's lucky. Sammy has fifteen dollars, and three more skins in his traps to-day." "What will Sammy do with his money when he gets it! Just waste it—spend it for some foolish thing or another. Why couldn't"—

No! Nat wouldn't think of it! And yet he did think of it; he couldn't help it.

"There are Sammy's skins. There is no one to see. Sammy doesn't need the money. You could pay it back to him, anyway, sometime. Take Sammy's skins." Oh, the shame of it! He would not listen. He turned far out of his way after that, so as to avoid Sammy's traps, and hurried home as fast as he could, to find relief in his studies.

But when he lay awake in the night, the first drifting bits of thought were Sammy's skins: he dreamed of his little brother's good fortune, and in the morning, when he arose and went down to his early hour of study in the kitchen, he could not fasten his mind upon his work, but sat for a long time with his eyes fixed upon the dancing red flames.

To-day the thought did not wait for him to get to the woods before it attacked him. When he left the house it was busy in his brain and had persuaded him to listen while it agreed. Long and persistently it worked; and when he reached the and when he reached the dark shelter of the timber land, he was too much occupied in his struggle with it to think of avoiding Sammy's traps to-day.

The very first one upon which his eyes left held a beautiful red fox!

Was it ordered to be so? No one can tell. Nat hardly stopped to question. If it had been a rabbit or a muskrat, he might have resisted; now he did not struggle, but with a sudden fierce determination released the fox and slung it across his back, then carefully reset the trap and covered traces of his visit.

He did not care to stop to reason now; it was too late. He only forced himself to say over and over again; "I'll pay Sammy back, some day. Then he won't care."

After that, yielding was easier, it is always easier after the first struggle is lost.

Then Nat's dollars increased. It seemed to those at that some kindly fate must be determined to help Nat on, his little hoard of money grew so rapidly. Sammy's grew, too, but slowly!

"The beasts have found out it's Nat that wants the education," their father said jokingly; "that's why they've quit coming to you, Sammy."

But Sammy had nothing to say; he only looked across at Nat, seated at the other side of the fireplace, bent over his books. Nat would much rather read the pages of his history than look into Sammy's honest brown eyes.

Well, and so it was accomplished. The first of March brought a new sense of living to the ambitious boy, when he realized that he had only three or four dollars more to win.

He would trust to good fortune in earning them in some way at Belmont, in odd moments out of school hours. He would certainly not let that keep him at home.

Then came the day of leave-taking.

That is a day always clear in the memory of every boy, until boyhood slips into the dreamy shadow of final forgetfulness. Belmont was only twenty miles away, down the river, but there was as much of sorrow and hope in the preparations for leaving home as though it had been on another star.

"Good bye Nat. Mind what your mother tells you."

There was an unaccustomed warmth and termor of feeling in his father's voice, it seemed to Nat, and his mother's close clasp and words of counsel and bleesng.

Somehow it was the sound of the voices, more than the words, which hung in his brain as he started bravely down the road toward the station. He thought of his so much that he forgot to look for little Sammy, to say good by, until he was far on his way.

Then he was glad that he had escaped it; he was better satisfied not to have to look into Sammy's face.

A sudden sharp turn in the road made his heart sink, for there, a little way ahead, stood Sammy, kicking his feet against a tree to keep them warm. When he saw Nat he stopped exercising.

"Hello!" he said; "I been waiting for you. Gimme hold of your valise an' let me help you."

Nat paused, but did not accept the offered help.

"I'd rather go alone, Sammy," he said; "I don't feel like—like talking. I'd rather be alone and think. You'd better go back home and keep warm."

He spoke with half-averted face. He was willing to be rude to get away from his little brother's kindness. Sammy did not press it upon him.

"Good-by," he said; "you want to write to a fellow sometimes."

I will," Nat said, hurriedly. "Good-bye, Sammy. I'll write," and again he started on his way. Sammy stood for a moment, irresolute, and then trotted after him.

"Say, Nat," he began. His red mitten was off and he was tugging at something in the pocket of his old brown jacket.

"I wish you'd take this," he said, drawing out an old leather pouch and thrusting it into his brother's hand. "Taint much, but you'll need it down to Belmont. It's twenty-two dollars. You take it. I been savin' it for you." Nat stood suddenly still in the roadway, his whitened face turned full upon his brother. Then in a moment more he had thrown himself at full length upon the snow, burying his face upon his arms, sobbing with all the bitterness of his long pent-up feelings.

And this was Sammy! Careless, light hearted, thoughtless brother Sammy, who he had no doubt meant to waste his money foolishly, whom he, the elder brother, had been robbing for weeks together!

Was there not enough in the thought of it without this? Oh, why had it come just now?

Sammy stood by waiting. There was wisdom in that small head of his, as well as brotherly kindness. He let Nat sob himself calm before he spoke.

"Don't do that, Nat," he said at last. What's the use cryin'? I didn't want to make you feel bad. You needn't take it if you don't want to. I'll keep it till you need it, an' then you can send for it. What's the use cryin'?"

Nat's passionate burst of crying had set his own honest heart to beating again in his breast. Tears sometimes act so.

"I can't take it, Sammy," he said lifting his stained face, "you don't know how mean I've been. I stole from you—I've been stealing from your traps all winter. Most of the skins I got since Christmas I took from your traps." It was a plain, blunt confession, with no attempt to shield the wrong.

"There ain't no need cryin' about that," Sammy said, with a warm color mounting to his brown cheeks. "I knowed that. I seen you the time you took the red fox. I was back in the woods. I knowed how bad you wanted the money. I was goin' to give it to you anyway, so where's the difference?"

"No, no!" Nat cried, "I can't take it. Help me with this valise, Sammy. I'm going back home."

"Home!" the little brother said, with dismay. "Oh, my! Nat, I wouldn't do that. What! you going to tell daddy an' mother?"

"I'm going to tell them the truth." Nat said. He was quite calm now. "I won't make my start wrong, not after this. I'm going to tell them the truth."

And at home, with his face bowed in his mother's lap, he did tell the truth, from the beginning to the end. Then he went back to his work on the farm again, with a fresh and stronger courage and hope in his heart. "Next fall," he told Sammy, "I'm going to Belmont. Then I can begin honest." He was not afraid, now, to look into Sammy's big brown eyes.—*W. R. Leighton, in The Dawn.*

Timely Advice.

Be sunny; that's the test of grit
And of success;
'Tis doggedness to do your bit
With bitterness.

Be sunny; let your path be lit
With hopes that bless;
'Tis slavishness to do your bit,
With bitterness.

Be sunny—when you think of it,
Sense asks no less;
No patriot will do his bit
With bitterness.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Colonel," asked the beautiful girl, "when was the most trying moment of your life?"

"It was when I went to my wife's father for the purpose of asking him to let me have her. He was very deaf and I had to explain the matter before twenty clerks."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1918.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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OLD FATHER TIME has again completed his annual circle, with its weekly issues of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and relegates our forty-sixth volume to the things that have passed.

Its record and chronicle of events have made up the history of the deaf of an unusually important year. Standing out in greatest prominence was the Centennial Celebration of the First School for the Deaf in America, founded by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, in the City of Hartford, Connecticut, on the 15th day April, 1817.

And, by a strange coincidence the year 1917 has marked the passing from the educational stage of the last of the Gallaudets. For one hundred years this family has been the most conspicuous by reason of eminent accomplishments in education, religion and philanthropic service.

Two distinguished hearing men, and three deaf men of great prominence, who were in Hartford during the Celebration last July, have been called to their eternal home.

The first to answer the final summons was Enoch Henry Currier, M.A., Principal of the New York Institution, who died on the 19th of August.

On the 26th of September Edward Miner Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D,, founder of Gallaudet College, sank into the sleep that knows no waking, at the ripe age of fourscore years and one.

Amos G. Draper, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of Mathematics and Latin at Gallaudet College for forty-four years, was taken from the world during the first week of November.

Anson R. Spear, manufacturer of patent envelopes of which he was the inventor, was stricken with apoplexy, and died almost instantly, on December 8th, while riding in a trolley car to be present at the celebration of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

William H. Weeks, a graduate of the New York Institution, Class of 1850, died suddenly, at his home in Hartford, Ct., on Thursday, December 27th, at the ripe age of eighty-nine years. Mr. Weeks was a teacher of the deaf for sixty-three consecutive years—the longest term of active service on record in the history of the education of the deaf.

The three deaf men above mentioned were at the Centennial Celebration. Mr. Weeks was one of the characters in the historical pageant, appearing in the role of a State legislator of a century ago; Dr. Draper, on account of ill-health, was an interested but passive spectator; and Mr. Spear was a live, vigorous and active participant in the convention at the High School Auditorium. More extended mention of the lives of Mr. Spear and Mr. Weeks will be made in a future issue of the JOURNAL.

Dr. James H. Logan, of Allegheny, Pa., died in Bellvue Hospital, on December 9th, aged 74 years. He is ranked among the most distinguished graduates of Gallaudet College. He was a teacher of the deaf and a school principal during the first eleven years following his graduation from college. His most remarkable achievement while a school principal was the editing and compilation of "The Raindrop," a wonderful collection of useful knowledge, told in the most simple language in the form of short stories, which to-day can be found in the libraries of schools for the deaf everywhere. He was a microscopist, and for a time was demonstrator of microscopy in the Biological Laboratory of the Western University of Pennsylvania, in Allegheny.

Another deaf Pennsylvanian of high education and marked achievements as a professor in schools for the deaf, who passed away early in the year 1917, was James C. Balis, M.A., a product of Gallaudet College, who had been teaching in the Ontario Institution at Belleville, Canada, for a quarter of a century or more.

The year of grace nineteen hundred and seventeen has been prolific of great progress in organized work among the deaf. The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf has grown by leaps and bounds; the National Association has enlarged its roster, changed its officers, has adopted the "Howson plan," and is still doing good work for the welfare of the deaf; the State Associations, the religious, literary, and social organizations, each and all have gone steadily forward. And what is of high importance to the deaf, is the fact that their abilities are being recognized more and more by large corporations that are seeking their services, where heretofore they have rejected their pleas for a chance to show what they can do.

The deaf are earnestly fighting with the Nation in this great war that has for its object the freedom of all peoples and the elimination of autocracy from the world. They do not wield the sword or point the gun, or battle in the air as aviators; but they are fighting with Liberty Loan Bonds and in the food conservation. And "silent" ladies are knitting and sewing and helping the Red Cross.

And now a New Year stretches out before us. Let us make it replete with kind words, gentle thoughts and good deeds. Let us uphold the education and promote the general welfare of the deaf with greater zeal than ever before, remembering that every class of people, every State, is dependent upon the educated intelligence the wisely directed industry, the good character and loyalty of its citizens—for no community can be better than the people who compose it.

The great war in which we are all involved demands sacrifices from all alike. Those who may not fight must give of their substance, be scrupulously careful to guard against waste, and be cheerfully optimistic that right and the cause of liberty will surely prevail. Let us trust that the war is nearing its close and that victory may be ours—for if we are not victors we will be slaves.

"Our Father, grant that courage we may know;
That souls may grow beyond their confines past;
That righteousness may bring us peace to last;
That this Year, turning back to Thee, may show
Thy truth held fast."

We extend to all our readers, to the deaf and the friends of the deaf everywhere, the sincere wish for

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE DEAF ladies and gentlemen of Boston and vicinity have succeeded in wiping out the first mortgage on the Home for Aged and Infirm at Everett, Mass. There is still a second mortgage of $900 to be paid, and the army of fair damsels, matrons and men are getting into condition to tackle that also. With continued enthusiasm of spirit and unity of strength, all doubt as to the chances of success disappears.

THE Colorado *Index* sends out a very pretty desk Calendar, which was produced in the Printing Department of the School for the Deaf at Colorado Springs. It has a card rest of patriotic design, printed in red and blue. Altogether it reflects credit upon the printer boys and their teacher.

THE Christmas and New Year's holidays falling on Tuesdays of each of the past two weeks, combined with a lack of printers, have compelled us to postpone printing several news letters, in order to get the JOURNAL out on time. We hope to catch up with all delayed news in the next issue.

In Memoriam.

WHEREAS, Our friend and co-worker, Anson Rudolph Spear, has been taken from our presence; and,

WHEREAS, The Minnesota Association of the Deaf has lost its honored President and one of its most zealous members, a man who led in progressive thought and had the courage of his convictions and the energy to put his ideas into execution; be it

Resolved, That the Minnesota Association of the Deaf place upon record its deep sense of loss that it has experienced and that our sympathy be tendered to Mr. Spear's children; and, be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be subscribed by each member of the Executive Committee and forwarded to the family of our departed friend, and that copies be sent to the *Companion*, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and the *Silent Worker*.

Resolution.

The following resolution was adopted at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf, held October 17th, 1917.

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf express its sorrow at the death of Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet and Mr. Enoch Henry Currier, both men whose lifelong aim was the advancement of the welfare of the deaf, their education and advancement in life.

ALBERT AMATEAU,
Executive Director.

FRENCH AMBULANCE FUND.

Through Waldo Rothert (for Mr. Mr. Cloud's personal use)	$1 92
Through Rev. J. H. Cloud:	
Edward Hopkins	1 00
V. B. G. A. A., through Sec'y:	
Fanwood pupils	3 75
Capt. C. W. Altenderfer	25
Through C. W. Charles:	
Mrs. Laverna Carr Pumphrey	1 00
Charles Becozzi	1 00
Total	$8 92
Previously acknowledged	2,870 61
	$2,879 53

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to Jesse A. Waterman, 1629 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Among the nineteen families driven into the street when fire attacked an apartment building at West 65th Street and Yale Avenue, last Sunday, was Mrs. John McKeand, 60 years old. Being deaf and partly blind she was unable to save herself, and when rescued by a fireman was found drenched with water, and fortunately was not injured. She lives on the first floor at 6446 Yale Avenue.

There are about seven deaf workers connected with the W. B. Conkey Co., at Hammond, Ind. Most of them were assisted in obtaining positions through the efforts of Emory Horn, formerly of Alabama. This firm handles publications and catalogues on a large scale and is strictly union. Printers should fortify themselves with a union card before asking Mr. Horn to help them.

George Petrimoulx and Fred Young leave for Canada this week to spend the holidays. They plan to pay the Belleville School a visit and before returning will either try for a job in Detroit or call on their lady friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomas, of Toronto, Canada, were in Chicago for two weeks as guests of their nephew. An impromptu party was tendered in their honor last Thursday evening to which about twelve of their friends were invited. They left this week for Alabama, where they will remain until May.

Mrs. Anna Harris, who left Chicago last summer to spend an extended visit with her mother and relatives in Mississippi and Tennessee, returned to the Windy City last week, greatly improved in health.

Arrangements are under way for a masque ball to be given under the auspices of the Chicago Division, N. F. S. D., on Saturday evening, January 19th. Apparently no final decision has been reached as to the selection of a hall. Since masque balls are prohibited in the loop the boys may rent one on the west side. It is said they will give prizes in the same manner as last year.

The new Hawks gas-heated radiators recently installed in the All Angels' Parish House to substitute the old hot blast stove, are giving perfect satisfaction, according to those who arranged the purchasing end. The cost of the outfit exceeds $145, and they plan to hold frequent entertainments and seek free-will donations to meet the indebtedness.

Miss Julia Dougherty, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Dougherty, will be allowed only four days' vacation from her duties as teacher at the Fulton, Mo., School. She arrived in Chicago this Saturday, and will go immediately to Coldwater, Mich., to spend a couple of days with her old girl schoolmates, then return to Chicago in time to have a Christmas dinner with her parents.

Miss Grace Hasenstab, who is attending the Illinois Woman's College, at Jacksonville, Ill., is in Chicago for this holidays, and is staying with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Philip Hasenstab. She brought with her little Helen Waterman, who is a pupil at the Jacksonville School, in order that she may spend Christmas week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Waterman.

Miss Ruth Robb has secured a special two-weeks' position with the Boston Store. She is in the delivery department, where owing to the big holiday rush, she has been obliged to work from eleven in the morning until ten in the evening. Mrs. Cecil Lamb is another old employee of the store. They are adding several deaf ladies according to their ability.

In the midst of the recent three-day zero weather, the boiler in the apartment building at 4712 Bernard Street went on a strike. Consequently, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hartung and son were forced to submit to the rigors of three heatless days. Five other families vacated their apartments while the Hartungs preferred to stick. Now all is lovely—none of the family suffered any ill effects from the experience.

Miss Marie De Jay, of Peoria, Ill., who recently spent a week in Chicago, is back again. This time she plans to secure a position after the holidays so she can remain permanently. Her folks intend to move to Chicago in the Spring.

Rev. Mrs. Geo. Flick is with her parents in Baltimore, Md., having gone there several weeks ago. She will return after the holidays.

Ladies, get wise! The long-looked-for Pas-a-Pas Woman's Club is now a reality. December 29th was the last day on which to enroll as a charter member. If you are interested, drop in Rooms 344–348 Unity Building, 127 N. Dearborn Street, where plans are being perfected for the only genuine woman's club—by, for, and of the deaf women of Chicago, exclusively. Political or religious affiliations are not considered. None barred, all welcome.

James F. Meagher has an ambition to get into the government service in Washington, D. C., with aspirations later on for a seat in the war council. The time is not ripe for this jump to fame and fortune, so Jimmie is contented for the present with a good position as printer with the Rand, McNally & Co.

Now that the Pas-a-Pas Club has secured rooms in the Unity building, a house committee consisting of Ben F. Frank, Gustave Hyman and Charles Boss, have been delegated to purchase a brand new supply of furniture, pool table, and other necessary "fixings," that will put the club back in its former "dressy condition." The club room will be open morning and evening any day and only members having keys are entitled to these privileges. Visitors are welcome, though the old rule of limiting the visits is still in vogue, and applies to those residing in Chicago and Cook County. Here's the club's official address: 344-348 Unity Bldg., 157 N. Dearborn street. Mail sent to any member care of the club will be taken care of. Five new members—possibly more—will come in for consideration at our January meeting.

Mrs. Mary Wojchowski, who became widowed when her late husband was killed in a street car accident recently, has through her attorney recovered damage from the Chicago Surface Railways, the amount not being stated. With the $1000 paid by the New England Mutual Life Ins. Co., and $100 each from the Knights of De l'Epee and Ephpheta Sodality Association, Mrs. Wojochowski plans to leave for Oregon, accompanied by her mother and little son.

Mrs. Cecil Lamb has just received word stating that her husband is critically ill in a hospital in Buffalo, N. Y. She expects to leave for the East should his condition continue unfavorable. Her two sons are already at the father's bedside.

After twenty years of litigation, the first Methodist Episcopal church property at North Clark and West Washington Streets, has been settled in favor of the church. The decision of the Supreme court means that the old building will be torn down to make way for the proposed sky-scraper. This is where the deaf Methodists hold their services every Sunday, by Rev. Philip Hasenstab and his assistants.

Once in awhile things assume a lively aspect down at the All Angels' Parish House, especially when something exceedingly original pops up. At others times it is supremely quiet and one is led to believe the folks are attending a wake. When Jimmie Frederick Meagher was expounding the glories of fraternalism, Herman Witte was interested. He drew a chair as close to the speaker as possible. Then he forgot to sit down. He seemed to be thinking of his camera, how he would take a snapshot of the impostor chief, or at least, he was gazing too long at something. Some think he was wondering why "Chief G" from headquarters wasn't down to see how Jim talked.

A mother of one of the frats, innocently and unintentionally, drew the vacant chair away. It didn't seem to belong to anybody. Herman Witte stopped gazing, sat down, not on, the chair but the hard, freshly scrubbed floor. The sensation was great! The victim had his glasses on, which enabled him to have a better view of the countless stars shooting up. It looked like a practical joke. But it wasn't.

Everybody was dying of laughter. After that Jimmie's wild gestures, facts and statistics failed to impress the audience. They were too busy rubbing aching ribs, wiping tear-stained eyes, subduing flushed faces and offering consolations to Herman Witte. Instead of blaming a lady, Mr. Witte has decided to lay it to some hun's deep-hatched plot to undermine his seat.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary*, 2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, *Pastor*, 3525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clerc Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The exams are over. But the re-exams are not.

There was another kind of exam on Christmas eve. On that occasion the Co-eds examined the interior of their stockings for Christmas presents. So far as we have heard, all were successful.

Among other things, Miss Tredwell, '18, received a kitten-shaped Chinese doll.

Schowe, '18, received his fourth annual collar-bag for Christmas.

Mr. H. D. Drake, '04, delivered a reading before the Literary Society on the evening of December 28th. It was entitled "The Romance of L'Aiglon"—a historical story. Mr. Drake claims it was his first attempt at telling a love story, in which case he succeeded excellently well for on amateur.

Prof. Hughes put the moving-picture machine to work again Thursday evening (December 27th), and treated us to a real detecting movie of seven reels length.

We are having inter-class basket-ball now. Here is the schedule of games:—

Seniors *vs.* Preparatory.
Juniors *vs.* Preparatory.
Seniors *vs.* Freshmen.
Freshmen *vs.* Preparatory.
Seniors *vs.* Juniors.

To date (December 30th), the first two games have been played—in both cases to the utter confusion of the Rats.

Moore, post-graduate, was chosen as referee for the whole series; Wilson, '20, was conscripted as time-keeper.

For two reasons, we believe the Seniors will win the series: (1) because we are a Senior ourselves; and (2) because the Senior team consists of Schowe, Willman and Austin, bolstered up by Heupel and Gibson. At all events, it seems the final struggle is going to be between the Seniors and the Juniors team, consisting of Ferguson, Dohrmann, Osborne, Pilliod, Hetzler and Peard. The Freshmen come pretty strong, with Bouchard, Rebal, Houze, Frewing, Paxton, Kannapell and Dobbins. Deer, Shawl and Coats are starring for the Rats.

The Reading-Room members tried to elect a new Committee one fine Saturday morning last week. In the Lyceum President Gibson, '18, counted the occupied seats and found a quorum—absent. B. M. Schowe, '18, got up and moved that those not present be elected to fill places on the Committee. So, Messrs. Heupel, '18, Braddock, '18, Peard, '19, and Ferguson, '19, came home from town and found themselves greeted as the new Committee. Messrs. Heupel, Braddock and Peard declined the honor, stating that if they had wanted the job they would have been present at the meeting to ask for it. Then Bum got into an argument with the new Committee, and everybody joined in the argument, and finally the President called a meeting right there in the dining-room and ordered another election.

The skating season started with the Christmas vacation. The students and the Co-eds have had several excursions to the Tidal Basin.

The sporting-page of one of the local Sunday papers printed portraits of our foremost basket-ball players—Schowe, '18, and Willman, '18 (Captain), and of Moore,' 15, our coach.

The official College photographer (Heupel '18), has taken many fine pictures of everything, but has not yet been able to fill orders because of the long delay in the delivery of photographer's supplies.

The Christmas social on December 25th was a hilarious event, but most of the fun was in counting how many of the students and Co-eds were absent from it.

The candidates for admission to the Kappa Gamma Fraternity delivered a free performance, consisting of a three-act comedy of college life, Saturday, December 29th, in the Chapel.

The college had quite a few visitors during the holidays. First came Classen, '19, from Akron, O., bringing with him Mr. Harvey Wilson, brother of Powell J. Wilson, '20. Mr. Wilson was a very popular guest with all of us, including those of us from the Colorado School. Rev. E. C. Wyand, of Keedysville, Md., was another visitor, and so was Henry J. Stegemerten, '16, an instructor in the Overlea, Md., School. The latest arrival was Ross V. Mohr, ex-'18, who dropped in from Pittsburg for a week-end with his schoolmate, Pilliod, '19.

President Hall's sermon on the last Sunday of the year was a most impressive one on the Casting-off of Old Habits and the Forming of New and Better Ones.

DETROIT.

"Miss Edwardine" Rowse's (Chicago) problem is easily solved. A young Detroit lady expects to stop in Chicago *en route* to Los Angeles, on her wedding trip. She expects to call at the N. F. S. D. headquarters January 8th, to receive congratulations and "otherwise."

MRS. C. C. C.

THE NEED OF ECONOMY AND SAVING.

When we put a million and a half soldiers in the field, we withdraw those men from productive enterprises. They do not, while they are actually in training or in service, produce anything. They do, on the other hand, consume much. There is nothing more expensive on earth than to support and maintain a great army in the field, especially if it is on the fighting line. The attrition of supplies and everything else is tremendously great when we have a fighting army in the field.

America is the one great remaining storehouse in the world of supplies and credit. We must maintain and make effective as possible our own soldiers and the soldiers of those nations who are fighting for us. We must therefore draw as little as possible upon our common store of supplies and money. The more we lessen our domestic demand, the more we can contribute to the support and effectiveness of our allied armies.

Economy is now a national duty, such a duty upon the people at home as fighting is upon those Americans who are bravely offering their lives for the honor of America and the preservation of liberty and justice.

ARIZONA.

Thomas Hisey, a former pupil at the Jacksonville, Ill., and at the Olathe, Kan., Schools, is in the employ of the Dorris-Hyman House Furnishing Co., of Phoenix, Ariz. At a dinner given to its employes by the firm, Mr. Hisey was the only one who could not make a speech, so he handed the following written words on "Loyalty," which were read by a member of the force:—

"Loyalty is another name for honesty and uprightness.

"If you work for a man, be loyal to him. You can not honestly and truthfully accept your wages unless you give both service and loyalty in return. You can not respect yourself if you are cheating your employer. Eschew dishonest dealings in your business.

"Honesty is the best policy—be loyal."

Brookline, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Dickerson gave a beautiful dinner party on December 29th, for their fifteenth wedding anniversary, and fourteen people were invited. The table was attractive. They received several beautiful presents, one of them being eight cut-glass sherbet glasses, from the Saturday Night Whist Club, of which they are members. Later they played whist toward to the wee hours, and all had a very enjoyable social, and wished them them more anniversaries with health and happiness accompanying them.

Only a Broken Knife Point

A ship was once wrecked on the Irish Coast. The captain was a careful one. Nor had the sea there been of so severe a kind as to explain the wide distance to which the vessel had answered from her proper course. The ship went down, but so much interest was attached to the disaster that a diver was sent down. Among other portions of the vessel that were examined was the compass, that was swung on deck, and inside the compass box was detected a bit of steel, which appeared to be the point of a pocket-knife blade.

It appeared that the day before the wreck a sailor had been sent to clean the compass, had used his pocket-knife in the process, and had unconsciously broken off the point and left it remaining in the box. The bit of knife blade exerted its influence on the compass and to a degree that deflected the needle from its proper bent and spoiled it as an index of the ship's direction. That piece of knife-blade wrecked the vessel.

Even one trifling sin as small as a broken knife point, as it were, is able to rob the conscience of peace and happiness.—*Rev. John McNeal.*

"When the German Army Reaches America"

A Thrilling Story of What Might Happen to This Country

Based on Incidents in France and Belgium.

BY REV. JOHN H. KEISER.

AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH

Saturday Evening, Jan. 19th.

TICKETS, - - - 15 CENTS

Part of Proceeds to Red Cross Fund

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

December 28, 1917.—The School closed at the regular hour on Thursday afternoon for the Christmas vacation, which comes to an end January 7th, pupils to return on the 8th.

With the first outgoing trains Friday morning, pupils residing out of the city started for their homes, the teacher of each class attending to the procuring of tickets and seeing that the pupils were put on the right train. As might be expected at this season, and because of the war, trains, excepting those made up here, were unusually late. Some over two hours, but it is hoped the children will reach their destinations before nightfall. Fortunately the weather is bearably warm and hazy.

The curtain of the chapel was down all week, and no one except Superintendent Jones seemed to know why it was not up during chapel services. The sequel became known Thursday evening, when the pupils were requested to come into the chapel at 6:45 o'clock. The curtain was still down, and the pupils were wondering what was in store for them—a lecture or some admonitions regarding their home going on the morrow. Presently the lights were turned off, the curtain went up, and there was revealed a room aglow from the red lights in the fire-place. The mantel bore a clock and stockings were suspended from it. Suddenly a noise was heard, and the next moment Santa Claus was seen coming down the chimney, and came out to the front of the stage and greeted every one. He made a short speech to the children, having heard that they had been good boys and girls, and he wished to reward them. He let it known that, owing to the war, it was impossible to treat them to candy and other good things as he had done in the past. He then had distributed among them pop-corn balls and ginger cookies in the forms of animals and birds. Following this a number of little girls gave a Santa Claus dance. Old Nick then bade them goodbye, promising to come again next year, and made his exit through the chimney, amid a rising clapping of hands. The affair was certainly a pleasing surprise to the pupils, who appreciated it very much, and they feel grateful to Mr. Jones for the treat, and to Mr. Ernest Zell who acted as Santa Claus.

Joseph Dillinger, a former pupil residing in thiy city, but now employed at the Institution, comes under the second draft. He was at Courthouse Wednesday to be quizzed by the lawyers. As none were able to talk to him, Attorney James A. Allen was secured in the case. Mr. Allen was a teacher in the school here back in the eighties, and can freely use the sign language. He assisted Dillinger in filling his questionaire, and in less time than it takes a hearing man to go through the proceedings.

Mr. Ohlemacher has been ordered to remain at home and undergo treatment for his injurled left leg. It has been discovered that the bone above the knee is fractured

According to the papers, Mr. A. H. Schory goes to Fort Sheridan, near Montgomery, Ala., to-night with an excursion. He will visit his son, Howard, who is a member of the Second Ambulance Corps from here.

From a copy of the *Wing-foot Clan* sent us, we glean the following:—

"The drill classes for the deaf-mutes of the factory are making wonderful progress and Sergeant Talley is greatly pleased with the work of the class. Despite their handicap, the boys of this class are very quick to learn the commands, which are given by signs and are rapidly advancing in the work.

"The squad drills twice a week, on Mondays and Wednesdays, and two drill classes are held each day. The classes on Mondays and Wednesdays meet at 1:30 to 2:30 and from 4:15 to 5:15."

The issue also contains a cut of the new residence of Mr. A. D. Martin, Gallaudet, '16. It is about ready to be occupied. Wonder if he will use it by his lone self, or is to join the ranks of the benedicts in the near future.

The Goodyear Silents were defeated by the Goodrich basket ball team last Saturday, 37 to 23. It was their first game, with only one practice before it. Three former Ohio School pupils were in the game; Messrs. Weber, Williams and Sienensohn.

The death of W. T. Rose mentioned last week, occurred just as he was about to go to his work. He was 54 years of age and attended the Kansas and Ohio Schools. While living in this city he worked for the Felber Baking Company till it was merged with the National Biscuit Co. He then, for about twelve years, went to Dayton and was employed by the Green & Green bakery. He was married to Miss Flora Voelkel, of Grove City. There no children. Mrs. Rose has been in the Dayton Hospital a number of years. The remains were shipped to the deceased's brother-in-law, Herman Baumgardner, of Grove City, at whose residence the funeral was held Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Brown, of Akron, are rejoicing over their first-born child, a boy, that saw the light on the 14th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene White, of Zanesville, were ahead of them three days, with a daughter to crow over.

The O. S. S. D. Basketball team opened the season last Friday evening with the Strollers as their opponents. It was a very one-sided contest, 62–2.

The *Columbus Evening Dispatch* is raising a fund of $2,455 to support throughout the year ten worthy and needy families. Family No. 10 consists of a mother and three children. The mother and youngest child are deaf. The mother is doing her best to keep the family together. It was deserted by the husband four years ago.

December 29, 1917.—The Ladies' Aid Society held its annual election for officers Thursday, December 20th, resulting as follows: President, Miss Ethel Zell; Vice-President, Mrs. George Black; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Zorn; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Ella Zell; Treasurer, Miss Bessie McGregor; Custodian, Miss Cora Uhl.

Arrangements will be made for a reception in January, on the occasion of the Society's 25th Anniversary, in place of the Annual Reception heretofore given in honor of the retiring officers.

An amendment was made to the Society's rules, permitting hearing members to resign as active ones and becoming honorary members. Mrs Oliva Bruning was admitted as an honorary member.

Dr and Mrs Robert Patterson are spending the vacation with their daughter, of Chicago.

Mrs. Leona Sparnou, *nee* Yaus, was at the School Wednesday, seeking employment in dining room work. Her husband, a hearing man, is in Newark, Ohio.

Only thirty-three pupils are being cared for at the School during the vacation. Most of the out-of-town teachers went home to spend the holidays. Mr. J. B. Showalter spent his with his son at Dayton, Ohio.

A pretty wedding took place in the B Center of the main building of the School Thursday evening, at 8:30 o'clock. The principals in the affair were Miss Pauline, daughter of Superintendent and Mrs. J. W. Jones, and Mr. Edward Given Marquis. Mr. Marquis was a teacher for nearly a year when he left last May at the call of his country for men. He is in camp with the Eighth Regiment Mounted Engineers at El Paso, Texas.

About one hundred guests witnessed the ceremony, which was selemnized by Rev. Dr. Joseph Taylor Britan, Pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, under a bower of evergreens and flowers. The groom in uniform, was attended by Lieutenant Edwin Spencer as bestman, while Mrs. Edward Spencer, sister of the bride, was matron of honor. Two little girls, Martha Harris and Pauline Coble, carried the white satin ribbons that marked the pathway for the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father, to the minister. An orchestra in the northwest corner of the Center, hidden by palms, furnished music and song during the evening. White satin, fashioned with long lines, formed the wedding gown. She wore a crown of orange blossoms to which was fastened the tulle veil, and carried a bunch of white rosebuds and sweet peas.

The collation was served after the reception. Mr. Marquis will leave for his Regiment Sunday evening for Texas. The bride will remain here until he returns from the war. It is not known when he will go over. His friends here were agreeably surprised to meet him, and see him looking so well. Texas climate, where he has been since enlistment, has browned him well. Says he has not seen a sick day since he enlisted.

Here is wishing the thousands of JOURNAL readers a joyous and prosperous 1918, by Ye Old Scribe,

A. B. G.

An Old Story.

A brand new notion like a flash
Of inspiration strikes your mind,
You treasure it most tenderly
And call it such a lucky find.
You think to get it patented
And multiply your worldly store.
But, lo, when you investigate
Some one has thought of it before!

It's mighty hard to find a lead
That hasn't to the death been done,
For there is nothing new, they say,
Beneath the bright and shining sun.
A bright idea comes across;
But with me to the records go,
And find some Greek has worked it out
About two thousand years ago.

We run about in circles wide,
Make finds of things from day to day
That were discovered in the past
And with the labels put away.
To think the ancients fossilized
Is an injustice and a wrong;
They had a lot of things down fine
That we discover right along.

Since man first learned to work the wheels
That operate his massive brain,
There's been a lot of thinking done,
Both ornamental, straight and plain.
So ere you publish to the world
That you've dished up a brand new kink,
Just search the books a little while
And you may have another think.

PITTSBURGH.

The Gallaudet Literary Society of the School at Edgewood held a special meeting to comemmorate the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet for whom the Society was named, on December 8th. Dr. Wm. N. Burt made the principal address, and the members received much interesting and valuable information concerning the founder of the first school in America. Other parts of the program was a biographical sketch by High Class boys, and a declamation, all of which made the meeting worth while.

Concerning the P. S. A. D. meeting at Washington Hall, December 8th, and Christmas Sale of the Women's Guild of St. Margaret's Mission, December 15th, Mrs. Maud R. Holliday sends us the following:—

"This is the Roll of Honor of those who braved the blizzard of December 8th, to attend the P. S. A. D. meeting:

"Mr. and Mrs. Fritzges, Mr. and Mrs. Holliday and daughter, Miss Campbell, Mr. McMaster, Mr. Gray, Mr. Bardes, Mr. Schroedel, Mr. Zelch, Mr. Irwin, Mr. Acheson, Mr. Gorman, and two or three others.

"The evening was spent in social converse and story swapping, and the hat was passed and the amount of the hall rent for the evening—four solid plunks—lifted.

"The program prepared for Gallaudet's birthday will probably be used as part of next year's.

"Though not widely advertised, the Christmas Sale of the Women's Guild of St. Margaret's Mission was pretty successful, despite the fact that a few present escaped with enough carfare to carry them home. Every fancy article and most of the "eats" were disposed of, and at the end of the evening the old tin cash can contained $23 85, which when expenses were deducted left a profit of $16.45. The affair was held in McGeagh Hall, the evening of December 15th. The following members generously donated numerous useful and fancy articles: Miss Apel, Miss Bracken, Miss Barbour, Mrs. Bellowes, Mrs. Farke, Mrs Hansen, Mrs. Holliday, Miss Laughlin, Mrs. Leitner, Miss Rich, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Winch. Mrs Forbes and Mrs. Winch, under the direction of that veteran quartermaster general James K. Forbes, provided a huge table that fairly sagged under the weight of edibles piled upon it. Nary a man got past that table with his pocketbook unscathed. Mr. Forbes and various other 'worser halves' made themselves useful hanging decorations, and doing other little chores. Everybody had a good time, especially Mr. William Smith. They thought they'd have to tie him up, he got so frisky.

"The Guild is only about a month old, but up and coming. See what we've got in store for you next. A reading of Arthur Guy Empey's "Over the Top," by the Rev. Mr. Franklin C. Smielau, Saturday evening, January 26th. Admission, 15 cents. Place to be announced later. Rev. Smielau needs no press-agenting. As for the book, if you don't know what it is about, come and find out. If you have read it, you'll be thrilled anew, seeing incidents from it portrayed in vivid, forceful signs."

Certainly Rev. Mr. Smielau needs no horn blowing; his reputation as an entertainer is well established, so all who read will know there is a treat in store for them on January 26th, for "Over the Top," in the hands of Mr. Smielau, will be mighty interesting we know.

The deaf people of Woodlawn, Pa., have been taking part in all that is going on in their neighborhood, according to notice sent us lately. They have attended all the entertainments—social parties, football games, dances, etc.—for the benefit of the soldiers during October and November. Their contributions to the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Red Cross and other war funds were worthy of acknowledgement by the Committees in charge of the work. Their work is evidently appreciated, and they are invited to attend the charity ball planned for the near future.

The Knights of De l'Epee, Pittsburg Council No. 9, donated twelve dollars to the Knights of Columbus war fund, and received the thanks of that organization. Mr. Peter Gillooly is in charge of the work for the benefit of the soldiers, which the deaf of Woodlawn are pushing with all their might.

Mrs Oliver Hampton, sister of Mr. John C. Craig, of the school, died at the West Penn Hospital, December 8th, after a serious operation, which it was hoped would save her life. Mr. Craig has the sympathy of many friends.

Mr. E. Roessler, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the same hospital has, we believe, returned to his home well, or on the way to full recovery. His friends are congratulating him.

Dr. James H. Logan, long a resident of the North Side, Pittsburg, died at a suburban hospital of pneumonia, December 9th, after an illness of only two days. Since the death of his mother with whom he had lived all his life, a few years ago, he had lived alone, and it was well known he was not in robust health. Still it was a shock when it was learned he had passed to the beyond. He was 74 years of age, and left no near relatives. The Pittsburg Social League of the Deaf had taken considerable interest in his behalf, and with that body he had affiliated to some extent the last few years of his life. At the funeral services Dr. John A. Brashear, who had been his friend for many years, spoke of Dr. Logan's attainments in science, especially as a microscopist. The degree of Doctor of Science, which Gallaudet bestowed upon him a few years ago, was merited.

James H. Logan was the first Principal of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf. He presided over its destinies four years and four months. He was one of the best of teachers of the deaf, and originated and edited "The Raindrop," a monthly magazine. The continued popularity of "The Raindrop" proves the value of Mr. Logan's ideas concerning the education of the deaf. G. M. T.

EDWARD PAYSON HOLMES.

The earthly journey of life of Edward Payson Holmes came to a peaceful close at 8:50 o'clock Sunday morning, December 2d, at the home of his sister-in-law, Miss Ellen Mapes, Jacksonville, Ill. Mr. Holmes had enjoyed his usual health until a week ago, when he became unconscious and remained in that condition for the most part, recognizing only at times those about him. For the past six years he has been an invalid and has been tenderly cared for by his wife and his sister-in-law, Miss Mapes. For twenty years he and his wife have made their home with Miss Mapes, where he has had every care that could be given him. He was preceded to the spirit world be his wife, who passed away on Sunday, September 30th last, just nine weeks ago.

Edward Payson Holmes was born October 10, 1849, and he was 77 years, 1 month and 22 days of age. On September 17th, 1873, he was united in marriage to Miss Susan Mapes, daughter of Ira and Harriet Mapes, of Jacksonville, Ill., the acquaintance being formed while the contracting parties were both pupils at the State School in Jacksonville, Ill. Mr. Holmes was a member of the St. James Episcopal Church in one of the suburbs of Chicago, and was for a time a reader for deaf-mutes in a church conducted by and for deaf-mutes residing in Chicago.

Mr. Holmes was a graduate of the State School for the Deaf of Jacksonville, Ill., and also of the Fanwood School, and was prepared for teaching, but owing to his infirmity he gave up the idea at the request of his mother. He was of a quiet disposition and was apparently grateful for the many favors shown him by everyone who knew him. He was quite well known here, for he was frequently out for walks in various parts of the city.

He is survived by his sister, Mrs. Julia Cook, of Byron, N. Y., and a number of nieces and nephews, all of whom are residents of New York State.—*Jacksonville, Ill., Courier.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Rev. Rutherford, of Chicago, preached to a small congregation at the Y. M. C. A. last week. Had we all known he was coming two weeks before, we could turn out a big crowd.

Milton Johnson got a vaccination and was in bed for two weeks. He resumed work this week.

In the Cicago columns we noticed that Mrs. Whitson was formerly connected with the Day School here. Chicago must be misinterpreted, for she was never connected with any school, except that she tried to help boost it, if we remember exactly.

Miss Ethel Eaton is down in bed again for the past week, but we hope she will recover soon, so as to attend the big Frat feast.

Miss Loraine Sawtell is planning to make a trip down to Sulphur, Okla., to see her friend, Mrs. Farquhar (Ethel Wickham).

Work seems to be plenty here for none of the boys and girls are idle.

The pupils at Olathe will be permitted to go home Christmas, the vacation will be of two weeks' duration, but the Missouri State School at Fulton will not allow any one to leave.

Kansas City is in need of two or three college-bred boys to came and stay here to push up our State organization. The writer, on receipt of any letter will find work for them, if they will put in reference to their trades.

It was a grand night at the Frat rabbit feast, given by Cunningham, and Frats' friends were there. Every one forgot their troubles, for they feasted, talked and whirled 'round and 'round with their fair partners, old and young, all aglow with joy, for it was on the eve of Christmas. It was a happy gathering and everybody thanked Cunningham for his hospitability.

E. B. Sprague, oldest pioneer of the deaf in this part of the country, and well liked by all, showed up at the party. He threw in a dollar for the JOURNAL subscription. It will be remembered by many of the older deaf that he was a subscriber twenty-five years ago, and was also its correspondent.

Messrs. Dusch and Porter, officials of the Olathe State School, took advantage of the vacation, and dropped in to see the party.

Mrs. Bernard (formerly Durbin), who moved into this city with her thirteen year old daughter, now sends her girl to the Day School, to learn oralism. The girl formerly attended the Olathe School.

Mrs Herman, Superintendent of the Olathe School, left for Texas to spend Christmas with her son, who is a soldier in training.

Mrs. C. Laughlin's mother died last week. All extend their sincere sympathies.

Will Mrs. Roberts, wife of Prof. Roberts, ever return to Olathe? She has many friends here who feel her absence. She has gone to Ohio to be near a sick relative.

Pearl Cline had a big surprise by her mother, who dropped in to spend Christmas with her.

HORN.

ORGANIZED 1886

INCORPORATED 1901

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

extends the season's greetings and takes this opportunity to express to our friends sincere thanks for courtesies shown in the past.

We feel that we have been fortunate in the pleasant relations that have existed between us. As the old year merges into the new, we wish to express our high appreciation for this happy condition and to voice the hope that we may in the future have even more opportunities to serve you.

Happy New Year to All!

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The League of Elect Surds gives a Carnival, Festival and Ball at the Terrace Garden Assembly Rooms, on Saturday, January 12th, 1918.

That is next week, so do not forget the date; if you do you will miss a great affair of the season.

The League of Elect Surds used to give an annual ball until a few years ago. The reason they were not given regularly was because a hall could not be obtained.

The Balls given by the League of Elect Surds were always popular and drew big crowds.

It is hoped that the general deaf public, as well as their hearing friends, will patronize the affair next week.

The Hall is convenient. The location, being in the centre of the city, is just right, and can be reached from all parts of the city in a short time.

The committee have arranged for every thing, therefore it only needs your presence to make it a success.

Decide to attend. It will surely do you good. The music will be first class, as Prof. Sweyd is well known by this time, having been engaged by the best deaf organizations and found satisfactory.

There will be six cash prizes. Three for ladies and three for gentlemen, for best costumes.

No masks are to be worn, just come in costume or evening dress, as you prefer.

Want to know what a Carnival, Festival and Ball is?

Attend and you will be enlightened.

BASKET BALL

Saturday evening, December 22d, the Alphabet five journeyed over to the court of the Oradell A. C., located on West 48th St., in the White Light district. There in the midst of hostilities they met and defeated one of the best teams of its weight.

The first half had its accidents, for with the home team leading at the end of ten minutes play, Willets was forced to withdraw on account of an injured optic. Golden took his place, and the second half saw some changes in the lineup. Then began a see saw battle, first one team leading then the other. With one minute left to play and with the score 30 to 29 against up, Krishinsky caged what proved to be the winning basket.

Monae Lesser enjoyed a visit to the Metropolis over the New Year. He has returned to Mt. Kisco, where he holds sway as a scientific farmer.

Harry J. Goldberg was a visitor at Fanwood during the Christmas Holidays. He is making from $40 to $50 a week in the Remington Arms Company, at Bridgeport, Ct.

Miss Ida L. Frank, of Lakewood, thanks all her friends for their kindness shown to her during her mother's illness. Her beloved mother died on the 18th of December.

On Saturday, December 22d, 1917, Miss Violet Pearce tendered a party to some of her friends to the number of twelve. Various new and novel games were played, prizes for which were awarded—favors distributed and refreshments served. Conversation and story-telling were also indulged in, the party breaking up at a late hour.

Captain Bill Deegans first and second basket-ball teams were both defeated by the High Bridge Lyceum teams of the Sacred Heart Church (Bronx), on Thursday night, December 27th, even though Captain Bill, as referee, and a lot of the Oaklanders were present rooting for them, assisted by Messrs. John D. Shea, T. F. Fox, Harry P. Kane and Alex. L. Pach, who were Captain Bill's guests.

S. W. J. D. DOINGS.

The most successful affair of this eventful season so far took place on Sunday; December 23, at the home of the S. W. J. D. So large a crowd attended that half of the guests had to be coaxed to go to the upper stories of the building. A number of deaf from out of town were present.

At 4:30 a series of games began. Amid much hilarity, pie-devouring, cake-consuming, candle-extinguishing, and cigarette-lighting races were staged, which brought glory to the winners and mirth to the spectators. Then came refreshments and dancing, always welcome.

At about eight o'clock, many guests proceeded to the various game rooms, where novel and thrilling games, specially designed for the occasion, were played. Chess and checker tournaments also took place, the winners being, respectively, Mr. Arthur Bing and Miss Bella Pustin.

Thanks to the initiative of Mr. Milton Haberman, one of Rabbi Amateau's most active and brilliant deaf-mute assistants, an S. W. J. D. Literary Circle has been formed. More than fifty have already joined it, and many more are expected to, as there are no dues, and as every deaf-mute is both eligible and welcome. It is the purpose to give recitals, lectures, plays, and debates. The Circle intends to perform two playlets, called "The House Breakers" and "The Trouble Makers," on Saturday evening, January 26th. Their further plans will be announced in due time.

The Alumni of the S. W. J. D. held a party on Saturday evening, December 29th, 1917, for the benefit of its Scholarship fund. Braving both the cold and admission charges, a host of people came and were amply rewarded by the clever and ingenious tableaux vivants exhibited and by the amusing sketch staged afterwards, as well as by the many other interesting features.

On Sunday, January 6, another unusually interesting entertainment will be given at the S. W. J. D. building. There will be boxing and wrestling matches; an impromptu debate of a comic nature; and finally, refreshments, dancing, and games, all different from anything previously given.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 949 W. Franklin Street.
Rev. J. A. Brantlick *Assistant*, 1002 W. Franklin Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Ellesmere St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesene Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, *Pastor*.
MRS. ROSE CHESNUT, *Mute Interpreter*.

Sabbath School—2 to 3 P.M.
Sermon—3 to 4 P.M.
Mute Christian Endeavor Society—4:15 P.M.
Prayer Meeting, first Wednesday of each month.
Everybody Welcome.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, *Missionary-in-charge*.
Mr. Thomas Marsden, *Lay-Reader*.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, *Parish Visitor*.
SERVICES:
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 3.00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 11 A.M
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Week day social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.
Other services and meetings by special appointment.
The deaf cordially invited.
Minister's address: 2606 Virginia Avenue.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

AUTUMN, 1917.
Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 4 P.M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 3 P.M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Pittsfield, Mass.—St. Stephen's Church, first Sunday of month, at 3:30 P.M.
Springfield, Mass.—Christ Church, first Sundays, at 7:30 P.M.
Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

The Straight Express

The brightest thing we know is the sun, whose radiant light is so fierce that we cannot look at it with unshaded eyes. How dim by contrast seems the light of a star! Yet, as Sir Watson Dyson has been reminding us, there are stars 600 times as bright as the sun. That is difficult to realize, but think of stars still farther from the earth, ten thousand times brighter than our sun! It is because they are so unthinkably distant from us that these glowing worlds seem to us mere points of light in the sky. Arcturus, one of these bright stars, is a million times as great as the sun, and its light takes a quarter of a century to reach us; that of Aldebaran is over 42 years on the way. Now, the speed of light is 186,000 miles a second. The stars are so far from us that, although the earth travels 180 million miles a year, yet the stars do not appear to alter their position in relation to us. If they are overhead at the beginning of the earth's yearly journey, they are still overhead at the end of it.

Starlight will reach the battlefield to night which shot from the stars while the Franco German War was in progress. The light which is leaving the same stars tonight will not reach the earth until the war is over and gone, only a memory upon the scarred mind of man.—*The Little Paper.*

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

Same place as last year. A good time, full of fun, frolic, patriotism and laughter assured.

NEWARK DIVISION, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

For the second time has the pleasure to announce to the public its winter society event, offering a

Patriotic Masque Ball

at the largest and unsurpassed

KRUEGER AUDITORIUM

15–17 Belmont Ave., Cor. Morton St.,
NEWARK, N. J.

Best and easy way for the deaf from New York, Brooklyn and other places to reach the Hall is to take the Hudson Terminal, New York to Park Place, Newark, N. J., and then take the Jitneys waiting for the deaf-mute party at the Tube station and get off at the Hall.

Saturday evening, January 5th, 1918.

Special prize will be given to the club that receives the most votes in the Deaf-Mute Club contest. The Rule—One voting ticket will be distributed to each lady and gentleman at the Ball door, then she or he shall fill out the ticket with the name of her or his favorite club, and then drop in the Ballot Box in the Krueger Auditorium, 8 to 11 P.M. Fifteen valuable prizes awarded to Ladies and Gentlemen.

MUSIC BY PROF. VOSS

TICKET, - - (including Wardrobe) - - 50 CENTS

Arrangement Committee—John M. Black (Chairman), Julius Aaron (Secretary), Edward Bradley (Treasurer), Gus Matzart and Ben Abrams.

CARNIVAL FESTIVAL

—AND—

GRAND BALL

With First Class Music by Sweyd Orchestra

SIX (6) CASH PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

League of Elect Surds

—AT—

TERRACE GARDEN

(Lexington Assembly Rooms)
58TH STREET, BET. 3D AND LEX. AVES.

Saturday, January 12, 1918

TICKETS, - - 50 CENTS

COMMITTEE:
S. KAHN (Chairman), A. CAPELLI, H. C. KOHLMAN

THE SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF THE JEWISH DEAF extends an invitation to all those interested, to avail themselves of the excellent facilities offered in the way of religious, educational, physical and social activities, at the Building, 40–44 West 115th Street. For full particulars write, or better call on Rev. A. J. Amateau, any day or evening.

Same place as last year, but always something new and better

ALBANY DIVISION, NO. 51,
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

For the second time has the pleasure to announce to the silent public of Northern New York and the Capital District its greatest winter society event, offering a

GRAND MASQUERADE BALL

at the elegant and large

United Commercial Travelers' Hall

50 State Street—ALBANY, N. Y.—Three doors from Hotel Hampton

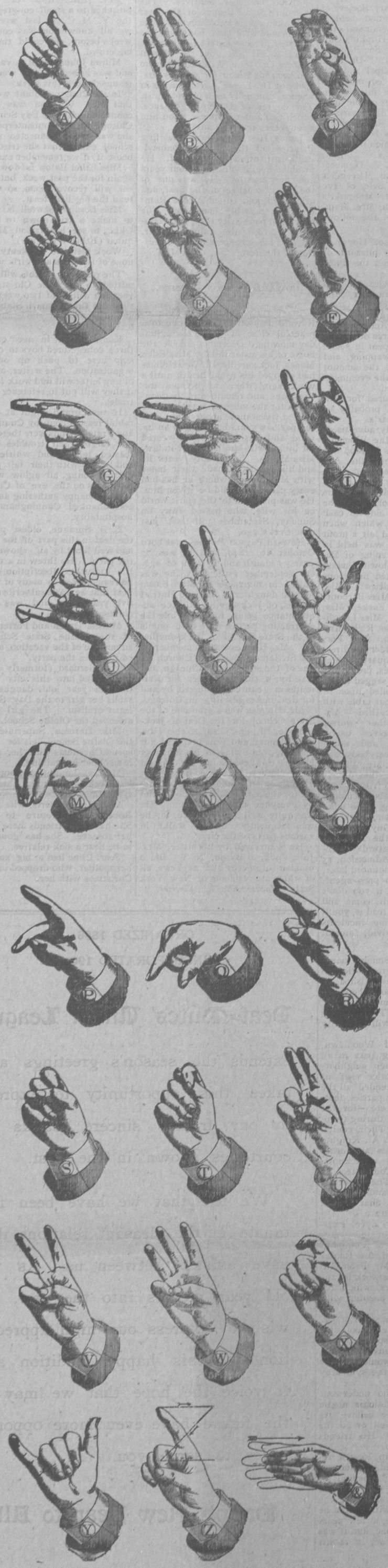
SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9, 1918

Valuable prizes for originial and funniest costumes
MUSIC BY ROBINSON'S ORCHESTRA

TICKETS, - - - - 25 CENTS

Committee—John F. Koeper (Chairman), 309 Veeder Avenue, Schenectady, N. Y.; J. F. Lyman, Treasurer; F. Lloyd, E. Klier, J. Wall.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



COME ONE COME ALL

Twentieth Annual
DANCE and ENTERTAINMENT

under the auspices of the

Benevolent Society for the Deaf of Connecticut

Moose Hall, 450 Asylum Street, Hartford, Ct.
[Opposite Union Station]

Saturday Evening, February 9, 1918

Admission, - - - - 35 Cents

—Music—

Committee of Arrangements:—W. C. Rockwell (Chairman), 30 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Ct.; Felix Bonvuloir, Milton Silverman, Paul Meacham, Roem Dubosar, Ernest Smith, Dana Taylor.

SOCIAL AND BASKETBALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

A loving cup is to be awarded for the championship of the Deaf Societies of New York City.

LEXINGTON FIVE (Lexington Avenue School) — Victors over Silent Five, of New York, and Silent Workers, of Trenton, N. J.

vs

OAKLAND FIVE (St. Joseph's School) — Victors over New York Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association.

PRELIMINARY EXHIBITION

Alphabet Five (Alphabet Athletic Association)

Union League Five (Deaf-Mutes' Union League)

TO BE HEDD AT

Dr. Savage's Gymnasium

Saturday Evening, February 23, 1918

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

ADMISSION, . . . 25 CENTS
Reserved Seats, . . 35 "

Half of the net proceeds will be donated to the Red Cross Society.

Arrangement Committee—Mendel Berman (Chairman), Morten Moses, Moses Moster Lyman Metzger and Morris Kremen.

Address all communications to the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Tenth Annual

MASK AND CIVIC BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Greater New York Div. No. 23
NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

AT THE

IMPERIAL HALL
360 Fulton Street,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday Eve. Feb. 2, 1918

Music by Sweyd's Orchestra

TICKETS, - - 50 CENTS

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE:

G. Wormuth, *Chairman*
N. Miller, *Sec'y* — M. Blake
A. Hanneman, *Treas.* — D. Hanley
H. Hanneman — J. Toohey

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Greater New York Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, JAMES J. CONSTANTIN, Secretary, 1708 Palmetto St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; or JOHN D. SHEA, State (Eastern New York) Organizer, 73 W. 99th St., New York.

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Hartford, 1917

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Great Panorama, N. A. D. July 4th,	$1.00
" " Teachers July 2d,	1.00
Superintendents and Principals, Epiphetans at the Cathedral, Picnic at Lake Compounce	
All furnished Unmounted at	$1.00
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New York Frats Banquet to the French and Other Delegates	
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TO YOU!

The most anxious Agent will not insure your house if it smells of smoke and none insure the lives of sick men or women.

We are open only for those who are well enough and smart enough to get there in time. The time to prepare is NOW while it is possible to make the preparation.

The New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Boston, Mass., is the oldest Co. in America, with assets of over seventy million dollars. It offers the BEST policy contract ever issued to the deaf, at same low rates as to hearing persons.

Write me for full information which will open your eyes and perhaps give you an entirely new view of Life Insurance. I feel sure that you will not only be interested, but also thank me in years to come. Medical examination free.

MARCUS L. KENNER
Special Agent
200 WEST 111TH STREET
New York City

Fanwood Alumni Notice.

All those eligible for membership in the Fanwood Alumni Association should send application with $1.00 to Miss M. L. Barrager, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, who is the Treasurer.

ALEXANDER L. PACH,
Secretary.